

-SEES NOTHING-

Microscope

-MAGNIFIES ALL-

VOLUME 2 NO. 2+1 = 3

THURSDAY

FROSH BAG BACON

VICTORIA COLLEGE STUDENTS SNAG MATRIC AWARDS.

ANNUAL AFFAIR STOOPENDOUS SUCCESS

Vic High auditorium-Friday 2:45 P.M.---

Under the genial chairmanship of Mr. H.L. Smith, principal of Victoria High, an enthusiastic crowd cheered lustily as meritorious Matric graduates received their awards. Mr. Smith especially welcomed the large number of newly sophisticated Collegians, who sat gravely in the back seats. These individuals smiled indulgently, in a manner befitting their new estate, at the efforts of speakers to make them laugh, and turned withering glances of scorn at the forced hilarity of their former schoolmates. A 'tres amusant' incident occurred when Mr. P. George answered a short address by Eiko Henmi of the Japanese Canadian Citizens League, who was to have presented a cup to the school from her society. However to the embarrassment of both speakers, the cup, which was to have been displayed on the stage, had not arrived. (It was the Fiend what did it----- or maybe a Trotskiest)

The prize winners are as follows:

Royal Institution Matric Scholarship (\$175)-----
--Charles Cooper.

Victoria Women's Canadian Club Scholarship (\$200)--
Joyce Dalziel and Walter Knotts.

Cecilia Green Memorial Award-Gordon Calderhead.

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Scene: Editorial Room,
(Somewhere in France)

Time: Thursday morning
about 3:00 A.M.

Editor, rending his wavy locks in twain: "Come on, youse guys, we got to fill these spaces somehow. Does anyone know "A JOKE"

SEE BLANK SPACE NO 2.p.3

SPEECHES GIVEN

STUDENTS SWEAT ON SPEAKERS PLATFORM

Eight shaking candidates, with knocking knees, rise fearfully to their feet to dare all. A hush of expectancy falls over the assembled multitudes in Room 21. Will the speakers revert to the barbaric days of yore when scowling demagogues dynamically denounced (alliteration)-- their political adversaries. NO! This year we have emerged from our ancient

state of savagery. The speech-es, this time, show the high degree of civilization to which the College has sunk--er--risen. In fact, they were quite tame. The Ambulance was not even needed. Gone is the fierce bitter campaign speech of yesteryear! With the exception of Jack Anderson, the "Ladies' Choice" no one even cracked a joke(?). As was to be expected, the attendance was seriously undermined by the competition of the World's Series Baseball. 'Nuff said!

POISONALS

by G.B.

The "Duke"--- And nobleness walks in our ways again ----- Owen.

Ward 9 ----- Damp smoke rank mist fill the dark. ----- Flint.

Sophs appraising Freshettes---Boys, indolent-eyed, from baskets leaning back, question each face. ----- Sassoon.

P.H. Elliot --- Sassoon. And with great lies about his wooden horse, set the crew laughing and forgot his course. ----- Flecker.

Rugby Team----- Their shoulders held the sky suspended, they stood and earth's foundations stay ----- Housman.

After seeing the frosh the sophs thought ----Was it for this the clay grew tall? -----Owen.

Ist day of College---- Scared people hurry, storming the doors in crowds The officials seem to waken with a shout. ----- Sassoon.

The Staff hope that the above contribution will create an added incentive for the study of English I.

ULTIMATUM.

Ward 2 Sat. 11 A.M., P.S.T.

In a moving address here before a gigantic multitude of two awed freshmen, Professor J.C. Cunningham delivered his final crushing ultimatum to Ward 9. Said Mr. Cunningham, in words of deliberate emphasis, KWOTE, "If any more chairs are taken in to Ward 9, there will be NO Ward 9." UNKWOTE. With these ominous words the registrar swept from the room. Your reporter hopes that Ward 9 denizens will kindly take the hint. All kidding aside, fellows, Mr. Cunningham really means business. Catch?

G.H.v

STAFF.

We are pleased to present to you, our reading public (?) the members of our staff. At present we are as follows:-

Editor-in-chief....Thomas Wainman-Wood.

Associate Editors....Glen Hamilton, Doug Worthington, Wally Friker, Bill Sloan.

Columnists and Reporters. ...Lucy Berton, Jim Asse-
lstone, John Stevenson,
Don Nelson, and others.

Typographical Staff.....

EDITORIAL

This week, as you have doubtlessly noticed, the "Microscope" has been published in a new form. This radical change was undertaken so as to divide the work of putting out the paper more equally amongst the members of the Editorial Staff.

This year, due to the great amount of scholastic activity going on around these old halls, several of our staff cannot give all the time necessary to lend us a helping hand. We fear that Mr. Sloan, our very good Sports Editor will fall into this class, therefore, if anyone considers that he (or she) would like to try sports reporting, just let us know.

The Frosh are settling down nicely now, and it is a revelation to poke one's head into Ward 2 and see all those big, big men studying!

We foresee a bitter struggle between Mr. Anderson and Mr. Worthington for the position of Treasurer, as also will probably be the case with re-

(Continued on third column).

ANON Y. MOUS.

by

...HIMSELF.

Here I recline, (in Ward 2, not Ward 3) desperately racking my poor brain for subject material. Cold sweat is pouring down my furrowed brow in little rivulets as I see the Editor's fiendish ! words "WE GO TO PRESS THIS AFTERNOON" in flaming twelve inch type before my eyes. A long-discarded English text lies, forgotten at my feet (I am only foolin', English Dep't.). Gee, its awful!! No joyous patter of little (??) feet playing cops and robbers in College corridors, no amateur firefighting activities in Ward 3, say, what is there to write about now?

Ah, here is an interesting little item:- 'Entered Ward 3 for the first time this year. That noble (?) institution, to my alien eyes, seems to be degenerating. Since the absence of Two-pipe Mickleberry, "the living Volcano," it is possible to dimly discern faint outlines of grimey visages in the smoke filled room. Last year, if I remember correctly, it was customary to hold Air Raid Precaution Practices every Tuesday during Ward 3 band rehearsals. A complete blackout for one hour then ensued with the orchestra rendering their interpretation of an air raid siren. At the conclusion of this one hour period, Chief Warden Horne of the Air Raid Precautionary Committee would give the All Clear signal to the Ward's inhabitants by opening the window. But alas, that sort of tradition is fast passing out of College life and so will

(continued next column).

COLUMN by
LASS.

We sincerely hope that the College has not become a dumping place for highway derelicts.....no remarks, please.....

There has been noted, by the calm expressions and actions of students in these hallowed halls, a lack of candid cameras. Thank goodness!

It is too bad that the afternoon tea of Chem One lab. had to be cancelled because certain duties pertaining to weighing interfered.

I'll bet the candidates who spoke Wednesday put up more convincing speeches on arriving home late on Saturday nights!

There seems to be much room for discussion on the topic "How can a person play rugby for two hours with thirty strong men and come away happy and in one hour throw his shoulder out on a roller skating rink."

It is rumoured that a certain college man (Frosh) smiled last Friday on receiving a scholarship. Congratulations, and we hope that this will Knott be the last.

Have you been noticing that, as the days grow shorter these hour periods are stretching into decades?

AD REVOIR.

CONTINUATIONS

Column one continued: regards to the election of the First Year Women's Representative.

Column two continued: I if I don't learn this English!

CLUBS

GLEE CLUB Monday Oct. 2

A meeting of the club was held in Room 5 at 12 noon. Mr. President opened the mourning session. Elections will be held on Friday the 13th. All interested please attend.

MEN'S DISCUSSION CLUB

The discusting club received a challenge to a debate from the Normal school. Next meeting will be held on Wednesday 11th. for elections and more discussion about ??

I.R.C. Thursday Sept. 28

The club was well attended. Mr. Farr turned the club over to Mr. S. Pettit. Next meeting on Monday the 9th.

WOMEN'S UNDERGRAD.

Miss Fields outlined the club's purposes. Elections on Wednesday 11. S.C.M. Thursday Sept. 28

Mr. Farr spoke on its purposes. Next meeting on Thursday 12th Room 16.

"AND IT CAME TO PASS"

Mummy and daddy Worthington stood beside the little crib and wonder spread over their faces. They had waited patiently for him and there he was, and now, now he was going to speak. All these months he had gurgled and smiled with childish glee but to-day he was about to utter his first words. His face went a beautiful baby purple and the proud parents nearly exploded with pride. One more valiant effort, his little fists doubled up, his parents said, "Now" and wee Doug shouted his first words, "It smells."

BLANK SPACE NO. 2.

T.W.W. quips brightly with a horrid leer: "Why does a chicken cross-----."

All: "PHEW!"

The Duke pipes up: "That smells. How's this? Who was that lady I-----"

Chorus: "Open a window!"

Hamilton ventures: "Once upon a time there was an Irish man a Scotchman and a-----"

"THROW HIM OUT!"

Sloan offers: "It seems that there was a travelling-----" Editor breaks in hurriedly, "THAT'S ENOUGH, Sloan. O.K. kids, the blanks are filled."

EXEUNT ALL.

GRIDLEY QUAYLE ON THE TRAIL OF FURTHER FIENDISHNESS

Last week we left Wilbur Foo recumbent on the Ward 2 floor, numerous puzzled freshmen gazing blankly at this space and saying, in effect, "I don't get it!" and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle turning over in his grave at something like 500 revolutions per minute. Wilbur has regained semi-consciousness, and is himself again.

To Go On: (In spite of the numerous freshmen)

"Don't do that, Foo!" said Quayle, sternly, "You know that always makes me nervous." Foo cast his eyes to the floor, slightly abashed. Then when no one was looking, he quietly knelt down and gathered them (his eyes) up again, hoping nobody had noticed. "We will catch this fiend, redhanded, and you my dear Foo, shall help me". Wilbur muttered something about having a lecture and left hurriedly. "Such enthusiasm" commented Quayle lighting his charred pipe. Suddenly the room was hushed, then spoke Barry Hevans, pres. of the College S.C., his handsome presidential puss suffused with wrath, "No smoking in Ward 2!" Snarled Quayle "I smoke were I CENSORED well please." Exactly three and one fifth seconds later the Great Defective found himself on the corridor floor, strewn in all directions. Then Wilbur Foo

crawled out from under a radiator and assisted him to his feet. It was then that Quayle remarked "Daddy CENSORED CENSORED BY ORDER OF EDITOR" Awed by the great man's stirring words Wilbur Foo gulped and sank limply to the floor. Peeling in need of a restorative Quayle sallied forth to the Bi-Lab to again fill his flask with Eau-de-Dogfish. From Mr. Cunningham's Vat of '28. Removing his wading boots, and feeling refreshed the Human Bloodhound was sauntering back to the College, when he espied a dim figure lurking in a much publicized grove of trees near the west entrance. "Tis

the Fiend!" gurgled Quayle, "Not a moment must be lost!" Lurching to where the leering lurker lurked, the Great Defective pounced. During the scuffle, he seized a pair of adjacent wrists and locked them firmly together with his pair of ancient handcuffs. It was then that he found his movements somewhat hampered. When the dust had settled, he found himself beneath one of the trees securely handcuffed with his own gyves. "Someone has blundered!" muttered the Great Man, thickly. He gazed about for the Fiend. Then he knew. 'Twas not the Fiend he had come upon, but Wilbur....partaking of the forbidden fruit. It was then the Great Defective said: "THE NEXT FOURTEEN LINES HAVE BEEN DELETED BY THE CENSOR." Awed by the Great Man's stirring words Wilbur Foo choked upon an apple core and sagged limply to the floor--ground. Here the manuscript abruptly ends---for the time being anyway. Will Gridley Quayle find the Fiend or will the Fiend continue his evil career of crime? For that matter will you continue to read this tripe? Efforts are being made to apprehend the Fiend. Efforts are also being made to apprehend the writer of this stuff. So for futher details consult your next week's Microscope before the Censor REALLY catches him up.

COMMENTS ON OUR NEW SERIAL

NOTE BY YE ED:

SORRY!

THIS HAS BEEN CENSORED!

Willie Frosh: "Don't get it" Pierre Berton: "Stealing my stuff, eh?"

Sinclair Lewis: "It Can't Happen Here"

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle: "Three sepulchral groans"

Editor: !!00/??------

(SORRY, OUR CENSOR SLIPPED UP ON THAT ONE!)

FOTOS

B



CASS' CARAVAN



FROM THE DUKE'S FIFTH SCREEN TEST



THE PAPER DOLL ... HARD TIMES DANCE 1938

MINNAPOLITAN

24/10/38

FRIK



HOW THICK ~~IS~~ "BUCK"



CAMERA SHY - HARD TIMES DANCE - 1938



LAST YEAR'S MATERIAL.
WHY THE BOYS WENT TO WASHINGTON THIS YEAR



THE CHEERING SECTION